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# IN LOVE'S DOMAIN



H · E · HARMAN

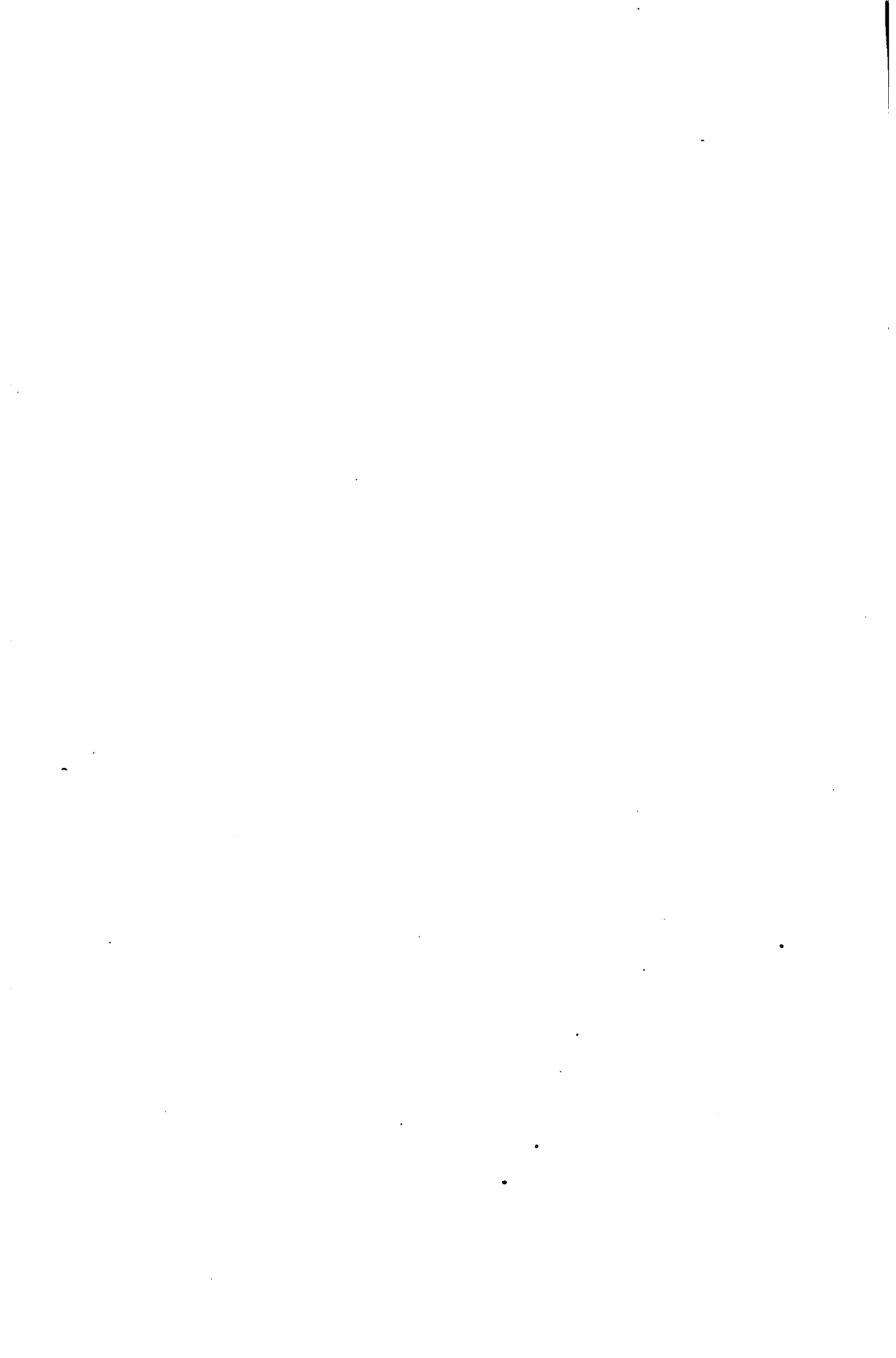
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Harman



## IN LOVE'S DOMAIN



IN LOVE'S DOMAIN  
AND  
THE CALL OF THE WOODS

BY  
H. E. HARMAN

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STONE & BARRINGER COMPANY  
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

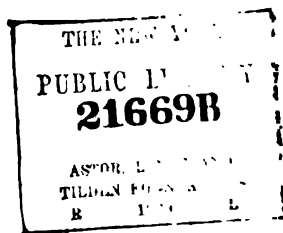
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## DEDICATION

WHO walks the ways of sweet content  
Outward and back again,  
Who feels the thrill that Joy has sent  
O'er all Love's soft domain!

Whose nights are filled with music sweet  
And days with ne'er a pain,  
Where perfume of rare blossoms meet  
Adown Love's fair domain!

Come, walk with me this little while  
Across this amber plain  
And learn with Joy and me to smile,  
Content in Love's domain.



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**IN LOVE'S DOMAIN**





*When lights are lowered in the hall, if we  
Into the Future's hidden face could see  
And know that but a little span remains,  
How tender would the good-night kisses be!*



## SONNETS TO THE MASTER, LOVE

How many a morn we greet the cold gray light  
With heavy heart and all the road  
Seems strewn with stones to cut our lagging feet;  
So when the twilight comes we gladly meet  
Night's sable face, to rest us of our load.  
And yet such day, with Love to walk beside  
Us then would turn our stony path  
Into a royal roadway of delight,  
With all the gates of Joy before us opening wide.

. . . . .  
Each day upon the swarded Summer hills  
A thousand blossoms bloom and fade and die,  
With ne'er a hand's caress, or look from loving eye;  
And yet where human tide upon the street-way thrills  
A thousand hearts die lingering deaths each day,  
Longing for Love, who never comes their way.  
Ah! better death, with all its bitter pain,  
Better oblivion in the grave's domain,  
Than life into whose soul Love never finds his way.

. . . . .  
Within the mansion's splendor I have found  
The saddest hearts, with every gift to fill  
The soul's desire, to please its every will,  
Yet with it all remained an open wound;  
While in the lowly cot, barren and bare  
Of all the goods which smiling Fortunes share,  
There I have seen the look of sweet content,  
With all the gladness of good fortune lent,  
Because the Master, Love, was dwelling there.



## BECAUSE HE CARRIED LOVE WITHIN HIS HEART

WHERE'ER he went the gayest birds would sing:  
Somehow the clouds were never in his sky,  
Along his way the rarest flowers would spring,  
Life was a Song to him with ne'er a sigh.

All day he toiled, from dawn to sable night,  
But whistled as he worked along the way,



And people wondered how one toiler might  
Winnow such gladness from each busy day.

None ever guessed even half the joy he knew,  
Nor yet how well he played life's little part;  
To him the skies above were ever blue  
Because he carried love within his heart.

## THE DOGWOOD TREES

WHAT time the grass upon the hills  
Feels touch of Spring and thrills,  
Then down the wooded slopes of gray  
Peeps out a mass of whitened spray,  
For through the leafless glen one sees  
The glory of the dogwood trees.

The scent of blossoms fills the air,  
A new world's gladness everywhere,  
Taking one back to long-ago,  
When life was sweet and soft and slow:  
Yet all the splendor of the day,  
With touch of blue so far away,  
No gladder sight the watcher sees  
Than glory of the dogwood trees.

Ah, me! how memory turns about,  
Scanning the past from in and out.  
The Carolina hills once more  
I see as from another shore,  
Where she and I on days like these  
Did pluck from off the dogwood trees  
The matchless blossoms, soft and white,  
Each one as tender as the light  
Of Love which answered in her eyes,  
And made for me my paradise.



*"The matchless blossoms, soft and white."*

HAVE YOU HEARD THE SOUTH  
A-CALLING?

HAVE you plucked the snowy daisies in the Spring?  
Then a memory of their sweetness yet must cling  
    To the Past, with all its treasure —  
    To the Past's untainted pleasure  
That in your soul forevermore will sing.

Have you watched the snowy daisy fields at night?  
Every stem with heart of gold and petals white,  
    With the moonlight on them streaming  
    And half the stars a-dreaming  
And Love beside you walking in the light.

Have you heard the mock-bird singing soft and low?  
In the stillness of the night-time, singing slow,  
    With a harvest moon a-clinging  
    To the sky where stars are flinging  
Worlds of light because they love the daisies so.

Then you've heard the South a-calling in the Spring  
When the crocus comes a-blooming, dainty thing;  
    No matter where you wander,  
    O'er these memories you'll ponder  
When you hear the South a-calling in the Spring.



*"In the stillness of the night-time."*

## THE UNBLESSED

I PITY him who walks alone,  
Life's prosy road, the lonesome way,  
Who finds no hands to greet him home  
At close of day.

But more than this I pity him  
Who, after toil of day is o'er,  
Hears not the lisp of childish voice  
To greet him at his door.





### AT CLOSE OF DAY

WHEN close of day has set the West aglow  
And night comes on with steady step and slow,  
I yearn for touch of vanished hand again —  
And touch of lips, as in the long ago

But long in vain. From those who've gone afar,  
Somehow, the Fates our every step debar;  
Know then that Time's unaltered laws decree  
We shall not look beyond the nearest star.



## ANEMONE

Is it because  
You break all laws  
And bloom before the cold gray oak  
One tiny leaf-bud yet has broke  
To mark the Winter's pause;  
Or yet before the alder trees  
Have swung their catkins to the breeze  
That you should be  
Sweet messenger of Spring to me,  
Dear, shy Anemone?

I wonder why,  
Beneath the sky  
Of Winter clouds and Winter gloom,  
While other plants are yet in tomb,  
That you should catch the first, glad ray  
Of coming Springtime's happy day  
In your dear face  
Of dainty grace;  
Why mother Nature should agree  
That you should bloom  
Amid the gloom,  
Dear, shy Anemone,



*"And bloom before the cold, gray oak,  
One tiny leaf-bud yet has broke."*

Dear, shy Anemone.

You always seem to me  
Like spirit of some troubled bride  
Whose lover in the long past died;  
So coming back to earth before  
The sleep of other flowers is o'er,  
You look within the woods to see  
If he  
Would not again fall quite in love  
With thee,  
Dear, shy Anemone.

### PERHAPS

PERHAPS in some far distant Spring-time,  
When fields are green and woods are gay,  
When all the air is rich in perfume,  
I may cross your way.

Perhaps in some sweet slumberous June-time,  
Bright and fair with sunny weather,  
When the whip-poor-will is wooing,  
Our hearts may throb together.

Perhaps some russet, crimson Autumn,  
Rich with goldenrods and gay,  
Sere and brown in golden beauty,  
May see our wedding day.

## A DAY ON THE FARM ONCE MORE

OH! give me a day on the dear old farm once more,  
One such as when a barefoot boy I strayed  
Among the weeds and tangled clover tops  
And listened to the ceaseless tunes there played  
From every tree-top where the feathered throats  
Sang ceaselessly, because the days were sweet.



And let it be a day in harvest time,  
When every wind that swept across the field  
Was perfume-laden and when twilight came,  
Then all the glories of the Summer night revealed:  
When every prayer was like a lover's song,  
Because to live was love and love is prayer.

## LOVE IS THE SAME

LOVE rules the world complete,  
Be it for good or wrong,  
His voice is but the same  
In sigh or song.

The mourner at the grave,  
Sharing Death's pallid frown,  
Is but the prototype  
Of Love cast down.

And minstrel serenade  
From darkened village street  
Wafted to listening maid  
Is love complete.

If it be kingly breast  
Or peasant heart aflame,  
Heaven touches each alike:  
Love is the same.



*Look you within the daisy's heart and see  
Some forecast what the future life will be;  
The faith that glows in every blossom's face  
Augurs Elysium yet for you and me.*

## THE SILENT WAY

ALWAYS before us lies the silent way  
Along whose mystic sands, some ill-wrought day,  
Your feet and mine, Sweetheart, alone must stray.

The shadowy valley has its own sad gloom;  
There hangs the unknown mystery of the tomb.  
Along its way no sweet-faced daisies bloom.

But lotus trees grow by the silent way,  
Teaching forgetfulness to those who stray,  
Lethe of life and life's unfinished play.

If you could walk with me, ah ! your sweet eyes  
Would be as sunshine in its sunless skies,  
And o'er its gloom new hope, new strength would  
rise.

But we must tread alone this silent way,  
And when you go God grant new light may play  
Upon its horizon so cold, so gray.

## FURL SAILS

FURL sails, dear heart, and let us anchor here,  
The night is falling and the sirens call;  
The first star glimmers and the day is sere,  
A softened twilight hovers over all.

See, yonder bird wings fast across the bay,  
Eager to reach the welcome, waiting nest:  
Home-longings come to all upon the way;  
Day kisses "good-night" from the ruddy West.

Furl sails, dear heart, the day was long and sweet,  
But sweeter still will be our dreams to-night:  
Home-longings satisfied, then hours are fleet  
And fast, where Love's warm flame sheds mel-  
low light.





## AT THE GATE OF DREAMS

LIKE idle children at the Gate of Dreams,  
Piping the tunes we caught along the road  
Of half-forgotten days,  
We sit with folded hands and watch the gleams  
Of light that fall on yet untrodden ways.

Each day we build new castles in the air  
On ruins left from those of yesterday  
That fell ere half complete;  
Each day comes promise of a land more fair  
And echoes of new songs more weird, more  
sweet.

Once more we live youth's lusty morn anew,  
Once more the sweet June roses scent the air  
Along the dusty way;  
We count the past as real, the future true  
And speed the present for a happier day.

For Hope that springs eternal in the soul  
Fills all the rugged way of human toil  
With silver-tinted gleams;  
Gives every day new promise to unfold,  
And makes us children at the Gate of Dreams.



### DAWN

THE sullen sky is still in love with night,  
The waning stars left sorrowing in their plight  
Cast loving glances at the coming light.

The whole world wakens at the touch of dawn;  
The wooded hills all rustle in the breeze,  
The morning-glories open at their ease  
And darkness at the touch of morning flees,  
Then one loud clarion call : — the night is gone.

Up from the gates of light the sunbeams chase  
Each other, quick to touch her waking face;  
Then in my ear one tender word awakes,  
And tells me, with her smiles, that daylight breaks.

## THE CAROLINA HILLS

'Tis Summer, once more Summer,  
On the Carolina hills,  
And there seems to be a rhythm  
In the whisper of the rills  
As they come from out the highlands  
Where the sweetest mosses grow,  
And go singing through the meadows,  
With the willows bending low.

I've a sweetheart in the valley,  
In the cottage over there;  
Long I've envied every cowslip  
That was growing very near,  
Where she walked on Summer mornings,  
By the hedges cool and sweet,  
And I envied yonder roadway  
Long accustomed to her feet.

To-day, beside the willows,  
In the meadow, cool and deep,  
I met her on the roadway,  
Where the daisies vigil keep  
And a promise she has given,  
Which my soul with gladness fills  
And I love you more than ever —  
You Carolina hills.



*"I envied yonder roadway  
Long accustomed to her feet."*

Oh! the cowslips in the meadow,  
That I envied long ago  
And roadway by the cottage  
Where the golden daisies grow,  
I envy you no longer,  
For I've won a love that fills  
My soul in that fair maiden  
Of the Carolina hills.

### EVERYWHERE

IN twilight hour the softer blue  
That glows from Summer skies  
Is but the borrowed color  
Of your sweet eyes.

The wild rose blush in solitude  
Beneath the stately pine  
Is but a type of that which glows  
On lips of thine.

And zephyr low amid the fields  
Where flower and leaf rejoice,  
Brings back the tender echo  
Of thy sweet voice.

For Nature has no melody  
On land or Summer sea  
That is not set in numbers  
That tell of thee.



*E'en yet while snow is still upon the hills,  
And Winter's icy touch the valley fills,  
God sends a pledge of what the Spring will be  
In golden glory of the daffodils.*

## THE CALL OF THE YULETIDE

“COME home,” the Christmas echoes softly call;  
Let every one who halts along the way  
At Yuletide listen, lest he fall,  
And fail home debts to pay.

“Come home,” the candles in the window burn,  
Lighted by tender hands who love you still;  
Let not new lights your footsteps turn,  
Come, where love's echoes thrill.

See through the frosty air yon silent star,  
Constant, if night be drear, or doubly bright,  
Know that home loves call from a-far  
To all o'ercome by night.

No other night that all the good year holds  
Calls with such pity as the Christmas-tide,  
When home would bring within its folds  
All on its outer side.

. . . . .

Then let the Yuletide beckon back once more  
To hearthstone warmth, where tender hearts await.  
Come back again from off the alien shore;  
Come home, come home, and love will close the  
gate.



*"the candles in the window burn  
Lighted by tender hands who love you still."*



## THE REMNANT IN GRAY

O SING me a song of the shadowy land  
Where an army, thinned by the frosts of years,  
Marches with trembling foot and hand  
The silent road of the volunteers:  
The shadowy way,  
With no light to stay  
The soul that has never had room for fears.

But a little while in the shadowy way  
And the last will make his final stand,  
And the soul which courage could always stay,  
Will feel the touch of Charon's hand.  
Then the shadowy way,  
With no light of day,  
Will see the end of this faithful band.

But a little time in the shadowy way;  
Such a little while and the grave is there;  
So while the few who with us stay,  
And walk with us, let every care  
In the shadowy way,  
With no light to stay,  
Be theirs to the end of the last sweet day.

## WHERE LOVE IS KING.

How rarest blossoms by the roadway spring!  
How do the barren wilds with music ring!

How every night new stars of splendor show  
Within the vaulted blue, where love is king!

Love knows no caste; the poorest cottage bare  
Of all that makes life easiest and fair,

He enters with such royal pomp and pride  
As if a palace splendor waited there.

The grave may bring defeat and hopeless shame,  
E'en innocence may lose a cherished name,

But while we walk this side the silent tomb,  
Nothing can daunt the soul where love's aflame.



## ON THE ROAD TO SLEEPY-TOWN

ON the road to Sleepy-Town,  
As the wondrous sun goes down,  
    Little hands and little feet,  
    Wearied out with play complete,  
Now would stop at every sound  
On the road to Sleepy-Town.

Busy has the whole day been,  
From the dawn until its end  
    And the gentle twilight glow,  
    Where the weary feet now go,  
Falls like benediction down  
On the road to Sleepy-Town.

Just ahead, the Gate of Dreams,  
Through the stillness casts its gleams:  
    Just ahead the hand of sleep  
    Reaches out to touch the cheek  
Of each little head of brown,  
Longing so for Sleepy-Town.

Let me take you to my breast,  
Just this moment ere you rest,  
    Let me hold the hands so sweet,  
    As the daylight goes to sleep,  
Kiss the droopy eyelids down  
On the road to Sleepy-Town.



*"Let me take you to my breast."*

## THE LOTUS-BOUND

How oft we strain our human eyes to trace  
Some picture of the future's hidden face;  
And yet of all who've gone the silent way,  
Not one has dared a single step retrace.

Why no slight message from the grave is found?  
Why from its hidden silence ne'er a sound?  
Know thou the hand of Lethe guards the way,  
That those who've crossed before are lotus-bound?

It argues well that Death must be complete,  
That every subject bowing at his feet  
Allegiance gives, or else that country fair  
Holds willing captives with its music sweet.

## IN SOME SAD HOUR

IN some sad hour I'll hold your trembling hand,  
And plead the passing moments for delay,  
When one of us must pass beyond the real  
And one must stay.

It matters not to us which it shall be,  
Who first shall tread alone the hidden ways,  
But God be gentle in that lonely hour  
To one who stays.



### UNREST

As sings the brook a-down the meadow ways,  
Hopeful and glad to join the waiting sea,  
So all the while we hasten through our days,  
Sunny and bright, yet never stop to see  
The flowers that bloom about our hurrying feet,  
But, like the brook, oblivious of its fate,  
We hasten on, the coming years to greet,  
Unmindful of the storms that there await.



## MY FORTUNATE ISLES

LONG years have I dreamed of the Fortunate Isles,  
Which they told of in olden time,  
Where the days come and go with Love's own smiles,  
The land with a faultless clime.

They have haunted my dreams in the deep of night,  
Alike through the day I see  
The shores of the Fortunate Isles of light  
Breeze-swept by a stormless sea.

Like traveler old I searched for years  
For the shore of my Fortunate Isle,  
But the search would end with a flood of tears  
And sorrow, with never a smile.

But at last I have found my Fortunate Isle  
And have anchored here to stay.  
I found it close, where your gentle smile  
Makes a Heaven of each glad day.



## IN AN OLD GARDEN

Along these walks, so fringed with green,  
Grow olden flowers of every hue,  
The bright, the sad, the gay are seen —  
Even primrose next the rue.

Yet every lazy cloud that floats  
Up there within the Summer skies  
Seems like a child of joy that gloats  
Above this Paradise.

There in the olden apple tree  
The mock-bird trills with tone so clear,  
Thinking that while he's singing, she  
His every note can hear.

Along this half-secluded way  
The roses blossom with regret,  
And there the poppies swing and sway,  
Missing her footsteps yet.

And there the tangled cypress vine,  
Where humming bird is wont to whirr,  
Her memories of the past entwine,  
All charged with thoughts of her.



## SINCE DINAH WENT AWAY

TO-NIGHT in negro exile, in dis far off Northern  
clime,

I dreamed I saw de cabin home of old  
Down beside de Southern river and de eve was Sum-  
mer time,  
And de story of my sorrow there is told.

De whippoo-will was singing and de breeze was blow-  
ing slow,

De air was full of perfume of de co'n,  
But de shadows fall so heavy and de stars kind hang-  
ing low,  
'Cause Dinah, just my Dinah, she is gone.

No softness in de twilight since my Dinah went away,  
No twinkle in de 'stars dat shine for love,  
And de dog, he look much sadder and kinder pine  
away,

Since Dinah died and went up there above.

De cabin it is just de same to others, I suppose,  
The fields as green and other things as gay,  
But a gloom is in de twilight and a darkness in my  
soul,

Since Dinah, just my Dinah, went away.

## BECAUSE I WALK WITH YOU

THE sunshine never falls so clear,  
The Summer sky ne'er half so blue,  
Nor sight of daisies yet so dear  
As when I walk with you.

The glow that blazens all the West  
When night distills the twilight dew,  
Beckons that life for me is blest,  
Because I walk with you.

Nor what befalls! On land or sea  
My fate is safe if love be true —  
Joy lifts the golden cup for me,  
Since yet I walk with you.



## SOUTH-LONGINGS

AH, well, poor exile in this colder clime,  
How I have longed for sight of Southern skies  
And light of love that looks through Southern eyes,  
That takes me back to youth's fair time!

What would I give to hear the blue-jay call,  
Or else the mock-bird's subtle moonlight song,  
Wafted by perfume breezes quite along  
The way where Cupid's arrows fall.

Ah, land of Romance, land of love and light,  
Where first her touch awakened all my soul  
And turned a barren path to way of gold,  
Of thee, in exile, I shall dream to-night.

## SINCE YOU'RE AWAY

THE Georgia hills look sad in mists of gray,  
There is a halting tread in every day,  
And every night creeps on with more delay  
Because you are away.

But Carolina hills will more than gain  
By your dear presence, and each grassy plain  
Will blossom like a fair domain,  
'Till you come back again.



### DEAR STARS, I ENVY YOU

DEAR stars, that shine within the wanton blue  
Of Maytime's glory, how I envy you,  
Because you look from out your lofty height  
Upon her path and there behold the sight  
Of her dear form, passing adown the way,  
All perfumed by the envious blooms of May —  
While I must wait and wish to see her eyes,  
Which you can look at from your bonny skies,  
And I, in exile, longing for her smile,  
Which blesses you each twilight's little while.

Dear stars, so safe within yon wanton blue,  
Because you see her, how I envy you!



### OCTOBER DAYS

I HATE the tawdry glamour of the street —  
The turfless highways through the marts of trade  
Where Show and Pretense at each corner meet  
And walk in fellowship where man has made  
His glory felt; where every lofty dome  
Throws on the passing throng its sultry shade.

Lo! just beyond the city's outer gates,  
Beyond its pomp and noisy crowded ways,  
The glory of our fair October waits  
And lingers long the Autumn's crimson days.

Up there, along the tangled fence-way, see  
The burnished splendor of the goldenrod,  
Lifting its head in royal dignity,  
Blooming in sweet content for some fair god.

And there, towards yon lazy, creeping stream,  
The grassy hillsides rise and fall at ease,  
While black-eyed Susans down the hedgeway dream,  
Vieing the splendor of the sumac trees.

Now slips the golden year from Autumn skies  
Into the hands of Winter, but its close  
Finds still the love-light in your wistful eyes  
And leaves me well content, where'er it goes.

### WHEN MEMORY WAKES

AT dawn I woke and in the misty haze  
That comes between the waking and the dream,  
I saw her face, as in the olden days,  
And o'er her brow the mellow light that plays  
Where Love's enthroned. And lo! the tender  
gleam  
Of morning star had lost its wonted light,  
For Fate had touched a long healed wound at night,  
And waked me, sighing for forgotten days.

## THE CAROLINA DAISIES

A THOUSAND daisies lift their snowy heads  
Upon each sun-kissed Carolina hill  
And star the meadows with their white and gold  
To where the flowing tide of Summer rill  
Eases its pace in lowlands green and wide,  
Until it finds the river's swifter tide.

In other lands I've seen the daisies bloom  
And marked the glory of a day in June,  
Have watched the Summer splendor far and wide,  
When all the world with Nature was in tune.  
But other daisies never yet could thrill  
My soul like those on Carolina hill.

Somehow, in exile, as I see them yet,  
Those hills seem greener under Summer skies,  
For there, just she and I, in daisy field,  
I saw the love-light in her tender eyes.  
Even yet, as constant as the stars above,  
I hold her tenderness, her trust, her love.

For swift the years that blight our castles fair,  
Have left me this, and memory reaches far  
To love's awakening in the daisy fields,  
Mid hush of twilight, 'neath the evening star;  
So thus I bless you for the love that thrills  
My soul, sweet daisies of the Carolina hills.



*"A thousand daisies lift their snowy heads."*



## THE RECOMPENSE OF FATE

I SAW a gardner plant an apple tree  
Beside his modest cottage, and for years  
Returning saw it grow, but ne'er a bloom  
Appeared to pay him for his cares.

. . . . .  
But in the after-days, when he was gone,  
And blossoms grew where he was laid away,  
The apple bloomed, and through the long spring  
morn,  
Blessed cot and garden with its purple spray.

## A WISH

I WOULD that the years in their sullen tread  
Bring never a line to your face so fair,  
But smoothen the marks of each day instead,  
And add to the gold of your silken hair.

Were mine the gift of the gods, I know  
No trace of age should touch your brow,  
And the tender hands which I treasure so  
Would still be soft, as I see them now.

And yet, dear heart, if the cruel years  
Should do their worst, as they come and go,  
To me they will bring no anxious fears:  
You are always fair as the long ago.



*"The apple bloomed, and through the long Spring morn  
Blessed cot and garden with its purple spray."*



## WHEN DAYLIGHT BREAKS

WHEN daylight breaks  
Across the sky  
And streaks of gold  
The day unfold,  
When darkness fades in mellow light  
And daytime angels chase the night,  
Then all my peaceful dreaming wakes  
To love thee more when daylight breaks.

When daylight breaks  
In dusky hue,  
To kindle diamonds  
In the dew,  
And shadows in the valley deep  
Play hide and seek, and star beams peep  
With radiance waned, an offering wakes  
To thee, my love, when daylight breaks.

When daylight wakes  
Across the sky,  
When starlight fades  
And moonbeams die,  
When dusky lashes catch the light  
From hovering dreams, and all the night  
Has fled, I wake to bless the fates  
For thy sweet love when daylight breaks.

## IF YOU BUT KNEW

I WONDER if you ever come this way  
From out the Bright Beyond, whence you have  
gone,  
If sometimes by my path you do not stray,  
Which since you went I traverse all alone.

It seems my love and loneliness would bring  
Your gentle tread along my road some day,  
When I'm a-weary, with no heart to sing,  
And sigh for comradeship along the way.

If you but knew how I have missed your smile,  
Your tender voice and touch of vanished hand,  
Your pity would be mine the little while  
I walk without you in the Shadow Land.



*"When I'm a-weary with no heart to sing."*



### BY THE OLD MILL

A PICTURE in the wilderness of waste  
The old mill stands, untenanted and still;  
No life about the doors and fallen wheel,  
No cottage on the hill.

And yet to-day as by the stream I stood,  
Which through the busy years has constant been,  
The meadow daisies bloomed as fresh and sweet  
As then, Sweetheart, as then.

“ As then! ” You must recall the day  
When we the daisies plucked beside the stream;  
The day we pledged our heart and hand, which still  
Makes life's sweet dream.

For, Sweetheart dear, the moss may cover green  
The fallen wheel and Winters follow May,  
But love that woke for us beside the mill  
Knows no decay.

## IN THE SOUTH

HERE every breeze a richer perfume brings  
From out the scented woods, where all the while,  
Tireless from joy, the waiting mock-bird sings.  
Here every wildwood blossom is a smile.

Somehow the daisied fields are whiter still;  
It seems the rose is redder, and the sky  
A brighter hue; here joy and gladness fill  
Each hasty hour and yet I know not why.

There is her love I hold within my heart,  
Loyal and true, and every joy it brings;  
We walk the ways that never go apart —  
This may be why the bird so sweetly sings.



## THEN YOU WILL KNOW

I FEEL you never, never yet have understood  
How tenderly I've loved you all these years,  
And never will my heart's full meaning know  
Until beside my bed the mourner's tears  
Shall fill your eyes, and kneeling at my side,  
You kiss the lips so white but damp and cold  
In Death's possession, and the hands that toiled  
So tenderly and long in yours you hold.

Then, Sweetheart dear, the olden days will come  
Like phantom images that haunt the soul  
In other lands; then every olden kiss  
And every smile new charm for you will hold.  
And when the silent lips will answer not  
Your pleading call, know well that from the land  
Whence I have gone, I'll love you even more;  
Then, once for all, I know you'll understand.



## WHAT TIME THE ALDER BUSHES SWING

WHAT time the alder bushes swing  
Their yellow catkins by the stream,  
What time the bluebird dares to sing,  
Who would not learn to dream!

A violet blooming by the way,  
A dash of sunshine o'er the hills,  
A prayer that Spring might always stay —  
Ah, soul! what rapture thrills.

For every lazy wind that blows  
From out the perfumed Southern plain,  
Wakes thoughts of blooming in the rose —  
Dear thoughts of you again.

## JUST BLOOMING FOR YOU

To-DAY in the low green meadows,  
    'Neath skies of Summer hue,  
I found a white-rimmed daisy  
    Just blooming alone for you.

Patient through days a-dreary,  
    Smiling when skies are blue,  
Happy in life's full treasure  
    Of blooming alone for you.

No worship of priest or prelate  
    Could equal devotion so true  
As the love of the sweet meadow daisy,  
    Just blooming alone for you.

There may be creeds more perfect,  
    And devotion more lasting and true,  
But the simple love of the daisy  
    Just blooming alone for you,

Taught me the sweetness of living  
    Out there under skies so blue,  
Just shedding the fragrance of loving  
    And blooming alone for you.

And to-day in the perfumed meadow,  
    With its flowers of every hue,  
I learned a lesson of worship  
    From the daisy just blooming for you.



*I never yet have found a heart so dead,  
But sometimes touched a softened tear would shed,  
And never yet the Winter fields so sere,  
But some brave plant dare lift its faithful head.*



*"And so we sit in the stillness, alone through the blessed night."*

## MY SILENT GUEST

WE sit beside the hearth-stone,  
Where the fire-light's ruddy glow  
Brings back the faded pictures  
From the realm of long ago,  
And I smoke my pipe in silence,  
As a star comes out in the west,  
But never a word is uttered  
From the lips of my silent guest.

And I hear as she sits beside me,  
The rustle of silken dress  
And upon my burdened shoulder  
A vanished hand is pressed;  
The perfume of one sweet Summer  
Comes back with a memory blest,  
But never a word is spoken  
From the lips of my silent guest.

I stretch my hand in the stillness,  
To touch the head of brown,  
Praying a look of welcome  
From the dreamy eyes cast down,  
And a word from the lips so tender  
That would come as a message blest,  
But never a word is uttered  
From the lips of my silent guest.

And so we sit in the stillness,  
Alone through the blessed night,  
Until each faded ember  
Is lost in the coming light  
Of the gaudy-mantled morning  
And I wake in the hush of dawn  
To stretch my hands in pleading,  
But my silent guest is gone.

### DOGWOOD AND JASMINE

THE dogwood fringes woods with white,  
The leaves new fragrance bring,  
While jasmine hangs its yellow lamps  
To light the way of Spring.

Yet never bloom the flowers anew  
But a face comes back serene;  
The dogwood and the jasmine,  
Both keep her memory green.

## A PRAYER

O THOU, who paints the crimson on the rose  
And gives the meadow daisy heart of gold,  
Unto my soul, so sinned and incomplete,  
Thy will, Thy wish unfold.

And when the last sad day shall come  
And in my soul  
I know that ere the twilight shadows pall  
The bells for me will toll;  
Then give me faith to clasp thy hand and hold  
Till boatman safely passes o'er the stream,  
And on the part I've played the curtain fall.





## THE PEACEFUL VALLEY

HERE falls a gentle stillness o'er the fields  
And in the sunshine there's a touch of gold;  
Each zephyr brings the echo of a song,  
And Summer twilights Nature's heart unfold.

Here, peaceful home, where cluster orchard trees,  
Stands far removed from where the busy feet  
Of passing life go up and down the way —  
Here not the noisy, but the peaceful meet.

There are no struggles here, but gentler ways  
Of life stretch far along the winding streams;  
Here are the echoes of the olden songs,  
Here come again the faces of our dreams.

Ah! but the touch of her soft, gentle hand,  
And lo! a stillness falls o'er land and sea;  
'Tis Peaceful Valley where her pathway leads,  
'Tis always Summer when she walks with me



——“ *but gentler ways*  
*Of life stretch far along the winding streams.*”



## IN YOUR ROOM

How sacred do the very curtains seem  
That guard the wistful pathway of the light,  
That fain would enter through your casement there  
And linger with you. And when gentle night

Has strewn the meadows of the Summer sky  
With patient stars, then every little bloom  
That shines serene, watches in constancy  
If but to lose one ray within your room.

There is the couch where restful slumber comes  
To your sweet eyes and love-dreams chase  
All cares and worries from your merry heart,  
And bring the sleeper's smile to your dear face.

So when the morn awakes and peaceful night  
Has softly passed, then from the eastern skies  
A thousand sunbeams race with message sweet:  
A new-day's welcome to your waking eyes.

### A VALENTINE

IF white-winged Peri from the golden gate  
Should ask what gift to me would be most dear  
From her bright home above,  
Quick would the thought and quick the pleading be,  
That from her bounteous gifts of land and sea,  
I still might keep your love.

So on this day when Cupid walks abroad  
And shoots his arrows from a golden bow  
To aid St. Valentine,  
I only ask that through the years to be,  
Whatever else the Fates may hold for me,  
Your love may still be mine.

## LOVE'S MUSIC

WHEN you and I were children in the blessed long-  
ago,  
You made a crude Æolian harp for music soft and  
low,  
And placed it in the window of the schoolhouse on  
the hill,  
So every idle breeze that passed, its waiting strings  
would thrill.

In after years, as lady fair, in the twilight's ruddy  
glow,  
You sang for me an olden song, in measures soft and  
low,  
And there awoke within my soul that flame which  
never dies,  
Until we quite forget all else somewhere in God's  
blue skies.

We parted then : you went your way, alas ! and I went  
mine ;  
The years have made us strangers, but the little stars  
ne'er shine  
But I see your face as clearly and feel the olden thrill ;  
Through all the clamor of the years I hear Love's  
music still.

## LIFE'S TWILIGHT

THE evening star and glow of sunset in the west,  
A mist upon the hill, the hour of rest.

A sound of vesper bell across the harbor deep,  
Parting of dark and day where valleys sleep.

And when I say good-bye to face an unseen day,  
May peace as sweet as this twilight my way.



## GOLDEN-ROD

THE Autumn sunbeams come in rifts of gold  
Across the fields and by the lapping sea,  
And as I pass the tufted golden-rod  
Bows royally in silence unto me.

Though herald of Winter's coming stay,  
And soft reminder of the Summer dead,  
No arrogance of manner marks thy day,  
Oh, golden-rod. And on thy crimson head

The crown of fulness, of completeness rests,  
The sunshine of an hundred Summer days,  
And garnered love that we have won and lost,  
Thy silence keeps. And all the burnished ways

Of woodland vale and sedgy-covered fields  
Are gladdened by thy presence, for the sod  
Sends up its dearest offering of the year  
In thy rich colors, pensive golden-rod.



## MY LOTUS-LAND

A SMELL of yonder sea comes to our window high  
And a sound of melody out of the darkening sky,  
For now the parting day says good-bye to the night;  
There are little prayers to pray and Love's own fires  
to light.

Now let me hold your hand and look you in my eyes  
And see that my Lotus-land, under Love's starlit  
skies,  
Is where I walk with you in magic hour like this,  
Where the silvery beads of dew be-star these vales of  
bliss.



## GOD GRANT THE YEARS GO SLOW

GOD grant the years go slow,  
God grant the days be long,  
And lazily fall the twilight glow,  
Linger the Even-song.

Yon moon that fills the west  
With its silver-tinted gleams,  
Will quickly sink to rest  
And leave the world to dreams:

So to-morrow's sun will rise  
Out of the gaudy dawn  
And fill the Summer skies,  
Then sink — and a day is gone.

I dread the day, Sweetheart,  
When I shall kiss your hand  
Farewell, and alone we part,  
And go to another land;

For beyond the little way  
We see with human eye,  
Of it all we can only say:  
We live, we love, we die.

So I pray that the years go slow,  
God grant the days be long  
And lazily fall the twilight glow,  
Sing slowly the Even-song.

## O RESTLESS SEA

O RESTLESS ocean, like a guilty soul  
Forever moving, seeking, never still;  
What is thy mystery and what thy goal,  
What is the wish thy vastness cannot fill?

The widowed ones who lonely vigil keep?  
The orphaned children at the widow's side?  
And victims brave who neath thy treachery sleep;  
Are these thy conscience taunts, O ocean wide?



## FAREWELL

FAREWELL! Farewell! O sea, O fickle sea,  
Keep in thy faithless arms, O keep  
Him who is all and more than all to me,  
Safe from thy treacherous deep!

His passionate kiss yet hot upon my cheek,  
Now thy salt kisses take the place of mine;  
O sea, I envy thee thy burden, seek  
The smoothest path for him across the brine.

To-night the lazy breezes from the hills  
Will cool my brow, dreaming of him afar,  
While thy soft wind, O sea, the canvas fills,  
That carries him beneath yon patient star.

Farewell! Farewell! Ye winds from out the deep,  
Bloom gently as the even shadows fall,  
And through the silence of the darkness keep  
The good ship there that carries mine, my all.



*"While thy soft wind, O Sea, the canvas fills."*

## OUR HOUSE OF DREAMS

ALMOST a score of years,  
'Mid smiles and tears,  
    We've builded, you and I, our house of  
        dreams,  
And still through all the days  
Along the stony ways  
    Love's halo gleams.

Sometimes the day was bright;  
Sometimes a Winter light  
    Fell where we toiled slow with willing hands;  
But Love was always there,  
A gleam of light to spare  
    From Promised Lands.

We've seen the structure tall  
In hopeless ruin fall  
    And Hope's fair star shine out with feeble  
        gleams:  
But Love, Sweetheart, is true  
As we begin anew  
    Our house of dreams.



## WE TWO

If we but journey on the same highway,  
Whether it be by land or placid sea,  
But one sweet haven waits the close of day  
Since your dear footsteps there abide with me.

Your tender look my evening twilight thrill,  
Your voice the music of the Summer breeze,  
One clasp of hand and lo! the meadows fill  
With sweet contentment neath the spreading trees.



## THE CALL OF THE WOODS







Here Nature holds her carnivals of peace;  
The very stillness of the lazy afternoon  
Is yet unbroken and the birds that cease  
Their singing will awaken soon;  
Then, as the twilight creeps among the trees  
While all is light beyond, each tender note  
Will echo in a lower key and thence the peace  
Of song and silence, upward in prayer will float.



These cloistered aisles stretch up toward the sky  
    To where the leaves guard well the light of day,  
Making a twilight dim for up-turned eye  
    And softened gloom for those who kneel to pray.  
There is a carpet of the rarest green,  
    Pictured with phlox and shy anemone,  
While festoon smilax hangs its wreaths between  
    The jasmine lamps, swung from each sacred tree.



Ah, silent woods, how still thy tenants are,  
    Busy but peaceful from the first gray light  
Of coming dawn until the evening star  
    Shines forth, the herald of the Summer night.  
Out where the copses mark the limits of thy shade  
    The mock-bird gladly sings for all within  
Thy leafy bowers and never once afraid  
    Of faulty note, nor Imitation's sin.



Upon thy chandeliers of blossom'g vines  
Festooned about these lofty dim-lit aisles,  
The busy redbird flits in graceful lines —  
And owl the daylight's tedium gruffly whiles;  
My busy thrush seeks out the shaded glen  
Wherein to chant her overflowing song  
Of Summer gladness and perchance to win  
Her lover's favors, building the nest so strong.





Down by this sedgy stream, skirting thy bounds, O  
wood,

The whitened silver birches spread their arms  
Like priests, who with a benediction, would  
Bless all beneath, troubled with sin's alarms,  
And here the willows, loving more the stream,  
Bend water-ward, casting their shade along  
The drowsy brook, flowing in half a dream,  
Yet singing withal, a-low, its Summer song.



Here all the tumult of the market-place,  
Here all the glamour of the crowded street,  
Where vain deception walks with haughty face  
Is lost amid thy stillness and I meet  
My other self amid this cloistered shade,  
My better self, which worldly ways suppress,  
And find the peace that comes to him who's prayed  
With unobstructed soul in deep distress.



Dear woods, that stand in silent patience thru  
The crowding years, always content to be  
Constant in season, joyless at Winter's rue,  
Happy at bloom of Spring's anemone,  
How I have lived amid thy silent glooms,  
How I have prayed within this sacred bower,  
Thinking, perchance, the stillness of these rooms  
Would teach me patience for the tempter's hour.





Dear woods, I pity him who never yet has known  
Thy solitude, the peace which everywhere  
Bends like a benediction, softy blown  
O'er all thy space, like answer to a prayer.  
If I have sinned, repentance here I learn;  
If I have hurt, forgiveness here I crave;  
If I have fallen, evil here I spurn;  
Out of my weakness, woods, again I'm brave.

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